

1855

The Sailor Boy's Prayer

Charles Crozat Converse

T.W. Upshur

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To Ossian C. Dodge Esq.

Reply to "The Ocean Burial."
THE
Sailor Boy's Prayer
OR
I WOULD DIE UPON THE SEA
WORDS BY
T. W. UPSHUR
Music by
CH. C. CONVERSE.

25¢ net

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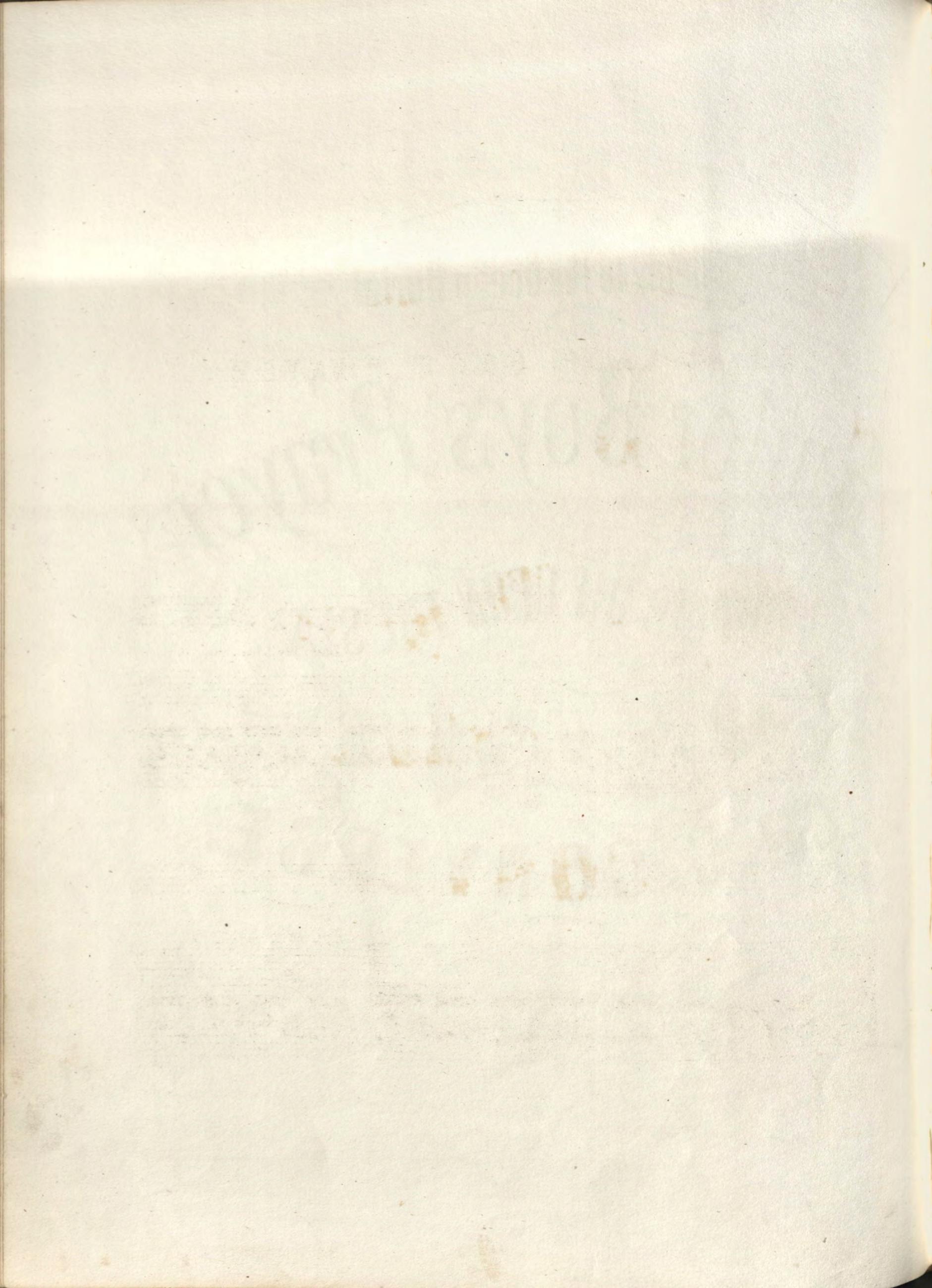
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THE SAILOR BOY'S PRAYER.

C. C. CONVERSE.

Moderato con molto sentimento.

Lay me beneath the

pp Both Pedals.

bri - ny wave In a shroud of o - cean's foam;

7598

4

Where the seagull screams at eve - ning's hour, As she lights on her bill - 'wy

home. Make me a bed near the mer - maid's cave, Where she

chants her psalms at night, As she counts her beads near the

sail or's grave, By the co - ral's rud - dy light, As she

Delicato.

5

Rall - - en - - tan -

counts her beads near the sail - or's grave, By the co - ral's rud - dy

Rall - - en - - tan -

do.

light.

8va.

do.

loco

pp

Both Pedals.

ppp

2

Yes make me a bed 'neath the sparkling deep
 Which oft I've wandered o'er
 And dream'd, aye happy dreams in sleep,
 Of loved ones on the shore;
 Oh! make me a bed 'neath the ocean's foam,
 My dreams have ceased to be;
 No loved one lives to greet me home,
 I would die upon the sea.

3

Then lay me 'neath the rolling surge,
 Where the sea-gull screams at Eve.
 Let old Ocean chant my funeral dirge,
 My Tomb with his billows lave.
 And let the Sailor orphan's head,
 On its pearly pillow rest,
 Till Gabriel summons the sleeping dead,
 To the mansions of the blest.

